

Breaking America

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****_Summary:** Hiccup and Astrid trust their daughter, America. They never held her back from going out with friends. Why would they? America was always honest with what she was doing. Can one night out break her parents trust completely?_**

****_A/N:** I actually got this idea from a post I saw on tumblr, and I'm just going with it._**

****_Disclaimer:** I don't own How To Train Your Dragon. It belongs to Dreamworks._**

****_Chapter One_****

America knew she was late. She knew her parents would kill her.. If they were still awake. She had taken her shoes off the minute her best friend, Camicazi, had dropped her off. Maybe if she made as little noise as possible, she would be able to sneak in, and her parents would think she had been home when she was supposed to.

She slowly opened the door, glancing around before walking in.

"You're late."

Of course, America Haddock isn't that lucky.

Astrid Haddock, her mother, was more sneaky than she thought. She knew the stories from when her parents were young, and she knows that her mother use to have a violent streak. But was sneaking it four hours after curfew something she did as a teenager?

America threw her shoes off to the side before leaning against the wall to keep her standing. Her head was spinning all she wanted to do was sleep. Her mother was staring at her, hip cocked, and eyebrow raised. Oh! She almost forgot her mom said something to her.

She opened her mouth before snapping it shut. She doesn't even know if she can trust herself to talk.

"Are you drunk?"

America's eyes widened. Was it that obvious?

She shook her head, pushing herself off the wall "No. I'm just... Just really tired is all."

Astrid shook her head, a look America has never seen before taking over her features "Where did you go?"

Where did she go? Could she really tell her mother that her and her friends went to Downtown Berk? They know how dangerous that place can be. Especially this late at night. And that they met some guys there? Her parents would never trust her again.

"We just..." America let out a sigh. She's never lied to her parents before, why start now? "We just went downtown."

Leaving out the details of the guys is a good choice though.

"You went where?" before America could answer, Astrid was continuing "Do you have any clue how dangerous downtown is? Do you know what goes on there? People get jumped, killed, and raped!"

America let out a sigh "It wasn't that bad, mom."

"You're only eighteen, how did you even get anything to drink?"

America only shook her head. Her mom is already iffy about Camicazi. If Astrid knew that she was the one that knew a bartender and was able to get them in, she would never be allowed to see her best friend.

And that was something her parents had never done before.

"We just... We just found someone who could get us some drinks."

Astrid had never felt so disappointed in her daughter before. She shook her head, frowning "You went to downtown, one of the most dangerous places in Berk, and trusted a stranger to buy you drinks? That's illegal, America. You could have been arrested, or taken advantage of! What has gotten into you?"

America only shrugged. She didn't like the look on her moms face, and she really didn't like the tone of her moms voice. There was only one thing that was worrying her "Are you going to tell dad?"

Astrid snorted "What kind of question is that? Of course I'm going to

tell your dad!"

"Oh."

If she had disappointed her mom, how was her dad going to feel? She was always a daddy's girl, she had always gone to him for problems. Were things going to be the same? Was her dad going to be just as disappointed as her mom?

"I... I'm just going to go to bed."

"Yeah, you do that."

America nodded slowly, walking towards her room.

Astrid watched her go before letting out a frustrated sigh and walking back to her own room. All she wanted to do was sleep. She didn't want to deal with America until a more decent hour. Not four in the morning.

Hiccup was sitting on the edge of the bed, reaching for his crutch when Astrid walked in. He turned and looked at her, flashing her a smile "I was just coming to look for you, milady. Where were you?"

Astrid couldn't help but return his smile. He could read her face like an open book though. He furrowed his brows, studying her face until she sat next to him "America just got home. She's drunk."

"She's what?"

Astrid nodded, leaning back on her hands "That's not even the worst of it, babe. She went downtown and got a stranger to buy her drinks."

Hiccup stared at his wife, his expression blank. How was he supposed to react? His daughter is eighteen, going downtown, and drinking?

"Has she lost her mind? What would posses her to go downtown of all places? There are safer places to drink."

"Hiccup!" Astrid reached over, punching his shoulder while shaking her head "You aren't suppose to be supporting this!"

He quickly shook his head, scooting away from his wife. He knew that face all too well. She's pissed, and he made a wrong move in sounding like he supported it "I'm not supporting it, Astrid. What else is there? Was that it?"

Astrid shrugged, glaring towards the door "I don't know. She's keeping something from me, I just know it."

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America fell onto her bed with a sigh.

The night had been good. Really good. Besides the whole getting caught by her mom thing, the night was good.

She smiled up at the ceiling thinking of someone she had met that night - Cameron.

She had given him her number, and now she had her fingers crossed for a call in a few minutes. Although America is already on her moms bad side, what more could sneaking him in her room do?

She knows her mom can fall asleep in five seconds, so hopefully, she wouldn't end up getting caught a second time that night.

Her phone vibrated and she smiled, practically jumping up to answer it. It was a number she didn't know, so it had to be Cameron.

"Hello?"

"Hey, America! Is the plan still happening?"

America told him to hold on before quietly opening her door and heading towards her parents room. Her mom had left the door open a crack, but she didn't have to get that close to know that they were awake. She could hear them talking.

She thought it over before going back to her room and picking up the phone again "Yeah. Come over, but be quiet."

End
file.